

BY LEON MEAD.

There'll be a new drink for people to quaff  
In 1901.  
There will be some new jokes at which we can  
laugh In 1901.  
Gaitan will not sign his autograph  
In 1901.  
Tom Thumb and Jumbo will sleep in the tomb  
In 1901.  
The sunflower and daisy will not be in bloom  
In 1901.  
Mr. Wilde will be found in a dark garret room  
In 1901.  
The electric light will turn night into day  
In 1901.  
'Twill not be thought naughty to go to the play  
In 1901.  
And many a husband will have his own way  
In 1901.  
There'll be no rum license down there in Maine  
In 1901.  
In Congress again may appear Mr. Blaine  
In 1901.  
Those who are dead will not feel any pain  
In 1901.  
There's a rumor afloat that "the Chinese must  
go" In 1901.  
And that Mr. Haulon refuses to row  
In 1901.  
But the "drommer" and whale will continue  
to blow In 1901.  
There'll be some new converts to Darwin's  
cause In 1901.  
Each state will be willing to change all its laws  
In 1901.  
To watch our big country a whole world will  
pause In 1901.  
The girls will like taffy. Oh, just the same,  
In 1901.  
And Gen. Grant will be known to fame  
In 1901.  
He'll die a third-termer in Liberty's name  
In 1901.  
Mary Walker, Esq. will not pant for praise  
In 1901.  
There'll be nothing at all to the crockery craze  
In 1901.  
Old people will yearn for the "good old days"  
In 1901.  
Oh! who will wear the Grecian bend  
In 1901?  
And which of us now will have money to lend  
In 1901?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I fear this bad world will come to an end  
In 1901.

## MORMON LOYALTY.

The Test of the Second Wife.

From Mrs. Paddock's "Tale of Madame La Tour."

It has always been Brigham Young's policy to outlaw his followers, and thus prevent the possibility of their return to civilized society. The policy he now pursues with more intentness than ever before, and those who were unfitted by nature for deeds of violence were compelled to take plural wives, in face of a recent act of congress which was designed especially to reach and punish such offenses in Utah. Phillip La Tour was among the number of those who fell under the prophet's displeasure on account of his refusal to comply with what the Mormon leaders designated as "the higher law." He had no leanings toward polygamy. He loved his wife devotedly, and his home was the dearest spot on earth to him—dearer now than ever; for with the earliest flower of spring a tiny guest had come under their roof—a dark eyed baby boy, so like the lost first born that it seemed almost as though he had returned to them. For months the prophet counseled Phillip, sometimes affectionately, sometimes sternly, to take another wife, but in vain. At last when, as he said himself, the utmost limit of forbearance had been reached, he summoned his disobedient follower to a private conference.

It was evident to Phillip as soon as he faced the leader of the people, that the prophet was very angry, too angry, indeed, to waste any words, and in the most concise terms possible he was informed that he would be allowed just one week to choose whether he would take another wife or be cut off from the church and delivered over to the buffetings of Satan. Phillip sat as if he was stunned. To be cut off from the church! For him who had never known any other faith, this was equivalent to a sentence of eternal death. And then he was to be delivered over to the buffetings of Satan. He knew very well what that meant. His property and his life would thenceforth be at the mercy of the Danites—and their tender mercies were very cruel. He was incapable of uttering a single word in reply to the question thrust upon him, and the prophet continued:

"I know what is keeping you back. It is the fear what your wife will say or do; and I want you to tell her from me, that the judgments of God have rested on her these many years because of her rebellion against His will. Every child that has been given her has been taken away again, because she would not listen to counsel; and mark my words"—here the prophet's face grew terrible—"the child that she holds in her arms to-day, will lie in the grave a month hence if she does not submit to the law that has been given to this people."  
"You will give me a week to decide!" Phillip hardly knew his own voice as he pronounced the words.  
"Yes, just one week, and not a day

over. You may go now, I have said all that I have to say," and with a look on his face as hard and cruel as when, fifteen years before, he gave Madame La Tour the choice of alternatives which brought her to the valley, the prophet pointed at the door. Phillip groped his way out blindly. The sun was shining, but he saw nothing. When he reached the street he stopped and tried to think. He could not go home—he could not face Jessie, who sat even now with her baby in her arms, singing a soft lullaby, while the blue-veined lids dropped gently over the bright eyes. The baby! What a stab went through his heart as he recalled the prophet's words.

Do you, whose lot has been cast elsewhere, scoff at him because he believed what had been said to him? Remember, that since his childhood he had heard nothing except Mormonism—that all his life, almost, the word of the prophet had been, to him and all around him, the voice of the Almighty. Remember, also, how in every age, creeds which have been handed down from the father to the son have dominated the intellect and the will, no matter how false and monstrous they may have been in themselves. Phillip La Tour, in accepting the dictum of the Mormon prophet as absolute truth, did only what you and I have done in receiving without question the belief which our parents bequeathed us. He did not use his reason in the matter, simply because he regarded everything connected with religion as above the domain of reason. He was called now to pass through an experience more bitter than death. But if the call was indeed from above he might not disregard it. Was it true that the judgments of God had rested upon him and his wife because of their disobedience? Over and over again he asked himself this question, during the wretched day that followed his interview with the prophet. Hour after hour passed. It was almost night and Jessie would be anxious and disturbed if he stayed away longer, so at last, with the courage of desperation, he turned his face homeward, resolved to speak out at once and come to a decision before another sun rose. "Poor Jessie! Was it for this I won your heart?" he said to himself as he came in sight of his own house.

His wife was at the door, holding up the baby to welcome him. Both faces were bright with smiles, and one was as unconscious as the other of the coming evil. "How can I ever tell her?" he thought, and for a moment a wild wish to seize wife and child and fly far from the cruel fate that threatened them all possessed him, but only for a moment. "I cannot fly from God," this was his next thought, and the deity of the Mormon faith—remorseless, cruel, unrelenting—seemed to his excited imagination to stand in the way with a drawn sword, barring all escape and driving him forward to the destiny he dreaded.

"Phillip, what is the matter, you are surely ill."

It was the sweet voice of his wife that fell on his ear, but the words smote him like a blow. How could he bear her tenderness, her wifely solicitude, when he was about to strike her to the heart? With a mighty effort he controlled face and voice, and answered her calmly. She must not suspect anything yet. Let her have another happy hour—the last she would ever know on earth. The minutes of reprieve which the wretched man had allowed himself flew rapidly. Supper was placed on the table and he went through the form of eating and drinking. The baby was rocked to sleep and tucked in his downy nest for the night. His wife came and seated herself on his knee, asking again if he was ill. For a minute he strained her to his heart, covering her face with passionate kisses, then putting her away from him and pointing to a chair, he said in a strange, hoarse voice:

"Sit down Jessie; I have something to tell you."

She obeyed, with an amazed look on her sweet face, and yet as plainly unconscious of the blow that awaited her, as the lamb of the uplifted knife. Twice her husband essayed to speak, but his voice failed him. At length summoning all his strength, he began:

"Jessie, President Young sent to-day to tell me that he had already borne too long with my disobedience to counsel, and that I must now take another wife or be cut off from the church, and—he has given me one week in which to decide."

Jessie's cheek blanched, and for a

moment she could not reply; but composing herself directly she spoke bravely:

"If we are cut off from the church they cannot harm us. We can go to Camp Douglas as others have done, and we will be safe there; though of course," glancing around the pleasant room, "we shall lose the house, and I suppose the store too. But we shall be free, and we shall have each other and our child."

As she finished speaking her eyes kindled, and color came back to her face. How sweet liberty would be after all those years of bondage. Her husband perceived her thoughts. He saw too, that she had not even glanced at the alternative. How should he go on? What could he say to make her share his own dread of bringing down the vengeance of heaven upon them all by continued disobedience to a divine law?

"Jessie, you do not understand me," he said, desperately. "I am not afraid of them that can only kill the body, but I fear Him who is able to destroy the soul and body in hell."

"Phillip, you do not mean—you cannot mean—" Speech failed her, and the unhappy wife upon whom a possibility which she had never before contemplated dawned at last, could only clasp her hands in mute appeal.

"I mean that I fear we may be fighting against God. President Young says our children have been taken because we have been disobedient, and if we continue to rebel our baby will be laid beside the others before another month."

"And you believe that?"

"God speaks to us through the voice of his prophet. I must believe. If I doubt one word I must give up all."

"Give up all then. Oh, Phillip, this religion is false—as false as it is cruel. It yields nothing but discord and misery and wickedness. Look at the families where they say they have obeyed the law of God! The wife, if she is not changed into a fury, is dying of a broken heart; the other women pass their lives in the midst of strife and jealousy that kills all the good in them. And then the children! I had far rather bury my baby to-morrow than have him grow up like them."

"Jessie, wife, hear me. If God commands a thing, we must not question his wisdom. We must look beyond the present for results. He knows that it will cost me more than life to obey him in this thing, and he would not require such a sacrifice of me if no good could come of it."

"Phillip!" She rose to her feet and stood before him. "Answer me one question and at once. Do you believe that God requires you to take another wife?"

"Jessie, have a little pity on me. That is the question I am trying to decide. I have been trying all day. I dared not come home. I could not face you; and I feel now as if I were going mad."

The stern look faded from her face and the fire in her eyes softened. She was again the tender, loyal wife.

"Forgive me, love," she said, laying her hand upon his bowed head. "I did not mean to make the trial harder for you."

It is needless to dwell upon the struggle, which did not end with the night, but lasted throughout the week. The result was what might have been foreseen. Fancism triumphed over nature, love—over everything that had hitherto saved their home from profanation, and when the time arrived for making his decision known to the prophet, Phillip said, "I will obey."

Jessie did what hundreds of wives in Utah have done—submitted to the inevitable—and after the first day said nothing to influence her husband's decision. She had lived too long in the midst of such scenes not know what the end would be, and she read the death warrant in Phillip's face before a single word was spoken to reveal the choice he had made.

While hunting for deserters from a ship at Guaymas, a few days ago, the searchers discovered a man covered from head to foot with long shaggy hair of a reddish color. On their approaching him he commenced to run, and they chased, following him for a distance of a mile or more to the beach, where he jumped from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois, and soon was lost to sight behind a jutting point. They afterward discovered the cave which he inhabits, the floor being covered with skins, and the indications were that he subsisted upon raw-fish. Organized efforts will be made to capture him.

## The Land of Oranges.

The State of Florida raised this year over 50,000,000 oranges, and this was a short crop. I asked Dr. Harris, the Speaker of the House, to-night, what the crop would be five years from now, and he answered: "At least five times that much, or 250,000,000!" "And five years later?" "Ah! figures fail for that compilation," he said, laughingly. I have seen nothing in print that gives an adequate idea of the immensity of the culture. In the old days orange-growing was a fancy pursuit, indulged in here and there. A grove of 500 trees was then a large one. The finest grove in Florida is the Speer grove, near here, which covers six acres and has 580 trees. The next best is the Hart grove, at Palatka, which has 700 trees. The first is worth \$40,000, and yields 350,000 oranges, worth on the trees \$15 a thousand. The crop this year (a short year), sold for \$60,000, and yields about \$6,000 a year. The only reason that these groves are so valuable is that the trees are about forty years old, and in full bearing. Now, Mr. Markham, at Atlanta, has near the Speer grove, with its 580 trees, a grove of 600 young trees just "coming in," as they call it. His son Marcellus, has 2,000 trees, of which only 600 are bearing, and Judge Hayden a grove of 2,000 trees just bearing their first fruit. General Sanford a grove of 8,000 young trees. Mr. W. I. Traywick, of Macon, a grove of 3,000 trees. From these figures, samples of hundreds of others, it will be seen that orange planting for the past few years has been a business on a large scale instead of a fancy, as formerly. For example, Mr. Markham's grove will produce ten times as many oranges as are produced by the Speer grove, now the finest in the State. General Sanford's grove alone will produce more oranges than are now produced in a radius of eight miles, which has 892 groves. Or, to make it plainer, Sanford is the center of the largest orange-producing portion of the State. In a radius of eight miles from this hotel, there are 2,992 groves, with 165,265 trees. These groves now produce 2,500,000 oranges, but only 5 per cent. of the trees in this radius are bearing. When the other 95 per cent. come in, this radius of eight miles will produce 50,000,000 oranges, or as many as the entire State now produces. To particularize: Colonel Markham now gets 50,000 oranges from a grove that in six years will produce 2,000,000; Judge Hayden 100,000 from a grove that in four years will produce 1,000,000; General Sanford 50,000 from a grove that in six years will produce 2,000,000; and so on through the list. In addition to the accessions from these groves coming in, the groves now bearing will increase their yield annually for many years, as the full fruitage of a tree is not reached under twenty years. In addition to this there are thousands of new trees being put out annually that in five or ten years will add millions to the crop. It will be seen, therefore, that the estimate of 250,000,000 oranges as the crop for 1887, is a very reasonable one. Indeed, it may just as likely be twice that much. In ten years it will certainly be 500,000,000, with indefinite extension beyond that point.

Florida Letter.

## Care of the Eyes.

At the recent Sanitary Convention at Ann Arbor Mich. Dr. O. J. Lundy, of Detroit, read a paper on "Hygiene in Relation to the Eye" which should have the widest circulation, especially among teachers and school officers. A fruitful source of eye troubles is shown to be the excessive strain upon the muscles and nerves of the eyes due to faulty educational methods, the ill-planned and insufficient lighting of school rooms, poor ink and fine print in school books, and other causes, which education might correct.

In conclusion Dr. Lundy lays down the following rules for the better care of the eyes:

1. Avoid reading and studying by poor light.
2. Light should come from the side, and not from the front or from the back.
3. Do not read or study while suffering great bodily fatigue or during recovery from fatigue.
4. Do not read while lying down.
5. Do not use the eyes too long at a time for near work, but give them occasional periods of rest.
6. Reading and study should be done systematically.
7. During study avoid a stooping position, or whatever tends to produce congestion of the head and face.
8. Select well printed books.
9. Correct errors of Refraction with proper glasses.
10. Avoid bad hygienic conditions and the use of alcohol and tobacco.
11. Take sufficient exercise in the open air.
12. Let the physical keep pace with the mental culture for asthenopia is most usually observed in those who are lacking in physical development.—*Scientific American*.

## An Arrested Civilization.

To any one who has thought about the Chinese, the contrast presented by a comparison of their civilization with the civilization of the Western nations, must have given rise to frequent speculations as to the causes of so great a difference. Should we be brought into communication with another planet we could hardly expect to find a people

more unlike us than the inhabitants of China. They have existed substantially as at present from a time long before a single language existed which is spoken to-day in Europe, and even before our classic dead languages were born. While the tribes, nations and civilizations of the West have come and gone, the Chinese have remained the same, generation after generation and century after century, content always to live and die in the conditions that fate has imposed upon them in the middle kingdom. A century and a half ago, Du Halde wrote of their honorable conservatism, "that they have continued the same with regard to the attire, morals, laws, customs and manners, without deviating in the least from the wise institutions of their ancient legislators." And in our time we are told by the Abbe Hue—than whom no one had better opportunities from which to judge—that "they seem to have been always living in the same stage of advancement as in the present day." Peaceful occupations, untiring industry and a careful frugality have characterized the habits of the people in the past as they do in the present. Wars were never justified, except to secure peace, and upon the cessation of hostilities the armies eagerly returned to their peaceful pursuits.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

## Who Represent the People.

According to the directory of the Forty-seventh Congress, there are in that body 293 members:

One hundred and ninety-five lawyers.  
Nineteen professional politicians.  
Three railroad officers.  
One capitalist.

One clergyman.  
There are sixty-five members representing the useful employments of the country, as follows:

Seventeen merchants.  
Eleven farmers.  
Twelve editors.  
Ten manufacturers.  
Five physicians.  
Two civil engineers.  
Two miners.  
Two mechanics.

One Metallurgist.

The useful employments are still worse represented in the Senate, as the following shows. There are seventy-six members whose professions are as follows:

Fifty-seven lawyers.  
Five bank officers.  
Three railroad officers.  
Three professional politicians.

Of the useful professions there are eleven:

Three merchants.  
Three manufacturers.  
Two miners.  
Two general business.  
One farmer.  
One editor.

## An Old Miser.

Sarah Burr, a spinster lady of New York, had it very bad. At the time she quit this world her property was worth \$3,000,000, all of which she has left to churches, probably believing that it was necessary to do this in order to obtain rest for her soul. A large number of relatives are left penniless. For four years previous to her passing away she lived principally in the kitchen, kept no fire in the parlor and occupied a chair that once had a cane seat but when the cane was worn out had a board nailed across it. In the room where she lived there were no shades to the windows and but little or no comforts. She had some silver-plated ware but refused to have it cleaned lest the plating would be worn off. Her principal dress was an old cotton gown which she wore almost constantly for a year before her death. Once in a while she would indulge in jewelry which she bought of peddlers paying as high as ten cents for a pair of earrings. She went to bed at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to save lights, and never allowed any person connected with the household to use lamps or candles. In her living she reminds us of the person mentioned in the parable, who but his talent away in a napkin where it was of no use until it was taken away from him and given to some one who but it into circulation. If such characters as Miss Burr are popular in Heaven it must be a very narrow-minded, miserly place.

## Killed by a Skyrocket.

At 10 o'clock last night Frederick Schriver was killed at Federal Hill park during the pyrotechnic display. He went with three friends to view the exhibition and was seated on the northern slope, near Henry street; when a piece exploded in the air that excited his admiration and he exclaimed: "Don't that look pretty?" He then fell back on the grass, and as he made no further movement one of his companions, becoming alarmed, shook him and requested him to sit up. As he did not speak it was discovered that he was unable to move, and Officer Hardesty, who was standing near, was summoned, as was also a physician from among the spectators, who pronounced the young man to be dying. The words were hardly spoken when he ceased to breathe. The young man was struck presumably by the falling stick from the rocket he admired, or by an exploding bomb, but no blood followed, and he uttered no sound when struck.—*Baltimore Day*.

TAKE YOUR EAR of green corn in both hands to eat it, and don't feel bad if the better trickles down your chin.